

To be a McCallister

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Summary: A: Adolescence (noun); /adÉ™ÉˆlesÉ™ns/: The period following the onset of puberty during which a young person develops from a child into an adult... This is an alphabetical A-to-Z multi-shot that features Tobey McCallister and his quirks/various moments that may or may not be in the show. There will be mild one-sided Tobecky in some of the chapters.

To be a McCallister

**Okay, so...yeah, this is a multi-shot. I repeat: this is a MULTI. SHOT. Not a story. **

So I'm going back to WordGirl, which was one of my favorite PBS Kids Go shows when I was younger. Hey, I even remembered the times when the little shorts first appeared in 2005 and 2006. Yeah, so I've been with this show since the beginning, so I was utterly devastated with the discovery that it ended in August last year. :C And there were so many things that could've been resolved...

However, I haven't watched it since...well, since the last episode came out! So, if there are any inconsistencies with the story, let me know, okay?

**Anyway, this is a silly, little...twenty-six multi-shot that revolves around one of my favorite characters in the show...Tobey McCallister the Third. Since his first debut, I fell head-over-heels for his character and his quirks (not literally, it's just a metaphor). So, I figured, "Why not explore his character a bit more? He is a rather interesting character...and a very unique super villain, in that case." **

Yeah, yeah, I know. I still have my **Voice of Freedom**** and ****No More**** stories to complete, but hey, I don't have any set deadlines to finish them, and I never will. I will complete them at my own time, just like I will with this one. Therefore, don't expect the updates to be frequent. Besides, ****No More**** is only a

four-shot...that will be over soon enough. :)**

**So, without any further ado, let's delve into the first letter:
A!**

* * *

><p>A: Adolescence (noun); _/adÉ™ĒˆlesÉ™ns/_

"The period following the onset of puberty during which a young person develops from a child into an adult."

The silence in the room was immediately broken with the loud _crash_ of the jar of pencils hitting the wall, followed by an aggravated growl of the living occupant. Angry huffs echoed faintly against the not-so-empty walls, only followed by the ripping and shredding of paper.

"No, no, no, _no_!" The young boy muttered lowly to himself in an aggravated tone, discarding the remains of what used to be the blueprints of another "creation". He then ruffled a hand through his disheveled blonde hair, taking very little note of his sweaty forehead. His round glasses were resting rather comfortably on his desk, having long been left and forgotten by their master when he was in one of his...moods.

Gripping the sides of his desk, Tobey McCallister furrowed his brow in deep thought, still muttering to himself angrily as his mind replayed the memory of his recent battle with a certain nemesis. "Where did I go wrong...it should have worked perfectly! I've checked and double-checked the plans, so there shouldn't have been any mistakes in the design or the calibration! It should have defeated her this time around!"

He clenched his fists momentarily before banging them on his desk, each pound growing harder with emphasis to each word. "What...did...I...DO...WRONG?!"

The outburst lasted for a few moments, followed by more silence in the room...save for some harsh pants of the young scientist. He raised his hands again, ready to unleash more of his frustration against the poor wood...

But he ceased his actions, keeping them in the air. Time slowed down for him in that one second...

Eventually, a growing ache of fatigue washed over his arms, forcing him to lower them to his sides, his shoulders still noticeably shaking as he struggled to keep his inner turmoil under check. A slight twinge of pain flared up from his hands, a side effect from their previous relentless movements against the structure before him. He took no notice of it, however.

His face felt very hot, especially around his eyes as burning tears threatened to stream down. No, he refused to cry...an evil supervillain genius like him shouldn't ever cry, especially at a humiliating time such as now...

Then...why did he feel this? Why were his emotions all out of control, out of _his_ _control? Yes, he knew that he was going through

adolescence, and his mother had often told him about the changes that came with it.

He was only fourteen. And as such, there were a few things that had changed over the years. His status as a very intelligent super villain still existed, and his battles with WordGirl were getting more prolonged and destructive. And since he was older, he was more intuitive and strategic in their battles, always searching for a new way to turn the tides against her.

And as such, to stop him in his tracks, so was she.

He still designed countless robots, but he no longer focused on the fifty-foot metal collosals that would rampage through the city; rather, he designed them to be smaller and more agile, making them more capable of dodging and resisting against her attacks. Furthermore, their weight and size allowed them to climb on top of the buildings and scoot along the various rooftops, a feat that his older and larger models couldn't accomplish...

Of course, despite his best efforts to have them put up more of a fight, the superheroine would still defeat them with ease...and he grew more frustrated with each failure to attain victory in their constant battles. And even worse...she still had his mom on speed-dial.

He absentmindedly rubbed his left ear for a moment, the memories of his mother tugging on it still being very fresh. Some things had never changed.

However, the mere thought of WordGirl made Tobey's hardened gaze soften ever-so-slightly. Even though some of his physique and his plans for destruction had changed over the years, his feelings for her still stayed the same...no, they intensified with each fight. His goals were still the same, but his failures to fulfill them were starting to catch up to his already unstable mind...

Tobey sighed to himself before grabbing his chair and resting down on it, placing his face inside his crossed arms. He was growing quite tired of losing, whether it be in his battles against WordGirl or in trying to control his own emotions...

"I hate adolescence." He muttered under his breath, eventually raising his head and reaching for his glasses, still infuriated with himself. He placed them on his nose before focusing his attention on cleaning up the scattered clutter on the floor, which were mostly pencils and wadded-up pieces of blueprints and paper.

"Then again, maybe this time...I, Tobey McCallister the Third, will succeed..." His frown slowly turned into a wide smirk as he placed the objects on his desk, his mind racing with new ideas for designs of robots. Planning, scheming, Tobey couldn't help but chuckle lightly to himself, finding new confidence and strength within his works.

Nevertheless, even though his plans may still fail time and time again, in the end, he was still learning from his past mistakes, still growing stronger and more cunning over time. He would find WordGirl's weakness and exploit it, whether it be discovering her secret identity or something else entirely...and then she would be

his, all his.

A loud childish cackle rang through the room within seconds, soon followed by the mad scribbles of a pencil on a sheet of paper. Yes, he would succeed soon enough. After all, he was a McCallister.

And a McCallister...never gives up.

* * *

><p>And...there you have it! As usual, each chapter will be short and focus on one aspect or characterization of Tobey McCallister, so what better way to start off than with adolescence? I mean, come on, he's twelve when the show ended, so what would he be like if he's in that time known for mood swings and all that "teen drama"?

**Then again, being a teenager isn't all that bad, considering how it's the time when one can truly cherish their last years with their parents before leaving for college, accomplishing big milestones along the way (such as getting a driver's license or a job...or graduating high school), and, well, discovering and fulfilling God's will for them in their life. :D So yeah, it's kinda sad how everyone thinks of a teenager as nothing more than a grumpy and disrespectful kid who do nothing but chat on social media and whatnot (I sometimes wish for people to just read either 1 Timothy 4:12 or Ephesians 6:4)...not that we are invulnerable to that at times. :P
**

Anyway, I hope you all liked this chapter! Do whatever you like with it, I don't mind! :D I just hope that my "future" Tobey was in character...

And as usual, God is good all the time! CTA out!

End
file.